

Pub Shop

buck's rock work camp

201

sketchbook 1943-1962



The contents of SKETCHBOOK and its production  
was done entirely by campers in various shops  
at BUCK'S ROCK WORK CAMP NEW MILFORD CONN.

## a message from ernst

Once again, we have to say Farewell to you and, at the same time, Farewell to Buck's Rock's twentieth summer.

You have written another chapter in the History of Buck's Rock, and, in doing it, you have gained as much as you have given.

Buck's Rock is the kind of place that stresses for you not so much the Pursuit of Happiness as to let you experience the Happiness of Pursuit. We hoped that you would regard the opportunity to commit yourself in thought and action as a welcome chance towards expressing and developing your personality. You did and in doing you fulfilled and, this year, surpasses our expectations. In addition, you discovered again that man's personality does not grow in isolation but in relation to other human beings.

You know, I am sure, that life on earth must be improved and you share the proud conviction that it is in our hands to do it. And whilst everyone's individual effort contributes, we can approach the goal only if we learn to strive for it together. Buck's Rock represents, in miniature, man's eternal effort to use his life for developing and expressing his unique personality and, at the same time and in concert with others, to make the world a better place for all.

Naomi Adelman wrote in the yearbook of 1956:

"I can't really say what is the most important les-

son Buck's Rock has to teach. I think though, that for me it has meant finding out who I am in this world. If not finding out what I'm here for, at least beginning to discover what I want to be here for. I have made discoveries about myself and about other people so that I can better see where I stand, I can better judge where I go from here (and) I hope and I believe, that I am somewhat less an immature, dependent child than when I came here."

I think these words echo the feelings of many this summer.

At the same time, I trust that you all felt deeply the truth in John Donne's immortal words:

"No man is an Iland, intire of it selfe; every man is a peece of the Continent, a part of the maine; if a Clod bee washed away by the Sea, Europe is the lesse, as well as if a Promontorie were, as well as if a Mannor of thy friends or thine owne were; any mans death diminishes me, because I am involved in Mankinde; And therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls: it tolls for thee."

Although your summer at Buck's Rock will soon be a memory and although much you have enjoyed here you may not be able to take with you, you may be sure of this: All things once lived and enjoyed, though faded into the past they may be, can never be taken away from you.

Ernst



It is my privilege, as editor, to explain the meaning and purpose of Sketchbook.

We believed in the beginning, and feel even more firmly now, that the important aspects of camp are not the various activities. They are not only the diverse and numerous fields of endeavor available to the campers, but the campers themselves. Just as there is no sound without a hearer, there is no experience if it is not meaningful. For this reason we have changed the classical format of a yearbook, with its emphasis on the shop-activity-camp-events article, to a much more personalized, intimate collection of emotion and thought. We have encouraged people to describe their thoughts throughout the summer and to recount incidents which would not ordinarily be noted, because of their immediate and personal scope.

To obtain such sketches, personal conferences were held with many of the contributors, to discuss and thereby clarify their feelings. These were helpful both to them and to me, for through them I, for one, have gained a great deal of insight into people in general, camp, and myself.

Since this is the camp's 20th anniversary, we have attempted to gain a perspective on Buck's Rock through the years; both that which has changed and that which has remained constant, as a unifying force. The vehicle for achieving this goal is our use of quotes from past Yearbooks in opposition to our articles.

We hope that some of the insight and enjoyment that we have gained in its preparation is transmitted to you, the reader.

Liz Gelfand





Wandering about the circle of Buck's Rock shops the second day of camp, I stopped in front of the woodshop. I had on a dark grey sweater and the sun was hot. I wanted to go in. I wanted the feeling that I was doing something worthwhile, without which I had gone, for what seemed like weeks. I stood, pondering whether to go in. A young man then walked up to the door, and, about to enter into the shelter of the shop, he spotted me and asked if I were interested in wood working. He

was of medium size, dark, with nearly black hair, and a lean, very muscular body. His biceps gave evidence of a great deal of physical strength. His face was lean and rather long, his ears and eyes, small.

I began, with the assistance of my friend, to make a bowl. He worked with me and, as he did, he generated a capable air and a very warm, sincere personality. He was eager and ready to help me whenever he could. His eyes often lit up and a warm physical smile, accompanied by an affirmative wink, broke across his narrow mouth.

As he spoke in his rich, low-pitched voice, a slight nervousness became evident when he bowed his head and looked down, or ran his fingers through his hair. His directions and help, however, were short and explicit. He would waste little time and often would indicate or illustrate a point with gestures of his hand.

As he worked, his tongue swept about his lips, seeming to reflect tediousness in his labor. A friendly, quiet person, with a great deal of good humored patience, his sense of the comic enabled him to laugh at himself and see the light side of 'heavy' things.

Doodling in the shop, I had, for some curious reason, written some lines of the Gettysburg Address on a plansheet; he inspected my scribbings, smiled, then recovered and quite seriously said: "You must have been inspired when you wrote this."

Amid the roar of the motors and the whine of the saws, I felt at home in the shop with my friend who helped me get a start at Buck's Rock.

*Tom Rosenbaum*

This should be quite a new experience. I mulled over all I knew about embryology. Tiny, curled up cherubs paraded past my mind's eye.

My walk down the road to the lab with my friend ended. In the lab Sandy talked to us about the history of embryology and then said that we would have to inject a number of pituitary glands into our female Rana Pipiens. I knew nothing of embryological techniques and naturally I thought we must have quite a few in the refrigerator. After all, in what other way could we procure this infinitesimal gland located in the back of the head? It never crossed my mind that a frog would have to be killed. It wasn't economical, or ethical, or something! However, it was going to be done. The gory operation simply entailed cutting off his head and extracting the gland. It didn't seem very scientific, but it was about to happen. I had never seen a killing before and I was extremely apprehensive, yet for some reason I was determined to watch. The scissors were sterilized and then poised above the frog's head. I was tempted to turn away but I watched. As I heard the bone crack all I could think of was "With her head tucked underneath her arm." My eyes were glued to the sight as the head plopped into the wax pan.

*Fred Brandfon*

Buck's Rock Happy is a typical chorus member...he goes to one quarter of the rehearsals and all of the performances. He is a tenor and sits with the sopranos...Dave Katz has often wondered at this strange combination.

Andy Morrison '51



Eventually, you forget everything...But right now I don't see how I can forget the madrigal performances...There were two in town...

I rode there in the Big Blue, not talking, as I knew we had to save our voices..The people who would listen to us; would they like our singing? After all our work and frustration, would our performance satisfy both us and our audience? The music certainly would; it was magnificent: Busten-hude's Cantata "Command Thine Angel" and Palestrina's " Bone Jesu." But I was nervous and worried; afraid that we would not do justice to the music. As we began to sing, the enormity of the works awed me. I felt that people could devote themselves to something greater than the individual. I identified this feeling with myself and realized that our music and our singing were a necessary part of the day's service.

As we finally left the church, I had a great feeling of accomplishment and satisfaction. I somehow knew that we had done our part.

*Judi Reinfeld and Kathe Blyn*

But what makes these people do these things?...It is the simple yet great satisfaction of having produced, with their own hands and minds, a thing they can be proud of.

Louis Jagerman '54



For the Girls

"The Cambridge ladies live in furnished souls..."  
e. e. cummings

"Buffalo gals are comin' out tonight."  
anon.

It can all be read in their necks!  
Desperate angles: piles that can't be high,  
Grotesque of angles: and their sex  
Is angular, unrounded, caked and dry  
And hangs, dirty blue, from a positive prow  
And stretches dirty-blue on puffy knees  
And peels green glass from would-be pregnant cows  
And still says dirty-blue nothings: barbed degrees,

Hooks without meaning; what is there to say  
Or to squint at through the glassy green?  
There is buried dirty-blue in Jean Natè  
And everything's hot-buttered-peachy-keen.  
The centuries move furniture; no low and swell  
And Hatim Tai cries supper; what the hell.

*Lincoln Kaye*



RICHARD: For God's sake let us sit upon the ground,  
And tell sad stories of the death of kings,  
How some have been deposed, some slain in war,  
Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed,  
Some poisoned by their wives, some sleeping killed,  
All murdered. For within the hollow crown  
That rounds the mortal temples of a king  
Keeps Death his court, and there the antic sits,  
Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp...

BISHOP: My lord, wise men ne'er sit and wail their woes,  
But presently prevent the ways to wail.  
To fear the foe, since fear oppresses strength,  
Gives in your weakness strength unto your foe,  
And so your follies fight against yourself.



*sketches by Margaret Rosenblum.*

Vacation, vacation, - I've tried so hard to convince myself that I'm on vacation. But why try to make myself more neurotic than I am already? It boils down to the fact that going through the mill cannot be a vacation. Well, it's not fair to judge four weeks by one day--but, God, what a day! It was a classic and hard to believe. To defend my sanity I will immediately put on paper the events of this day before they can be questioned.

4 AM - My bunk mate had decided the night before to go on an early morning hike to Mt. Tom. The alarm clock, consequently, rings now and keeps on ringing since buddy boy bunk mate can't find the clock.

5 AM - I've come to the conclusion that it's useless to go back to sleep. I, therefore, read one of the three one-act plays that will be presented by the CIT's. I'm supposed to write an analysis of one of them for Weeder's Digest. The deadline is today.

Morning work gong - I go down to the stage area to speak to Bill Korff (he's in charge of drama) about the one-act plays. He refers me to a CIT. I find her, get the information and now I'm ready to complete my article.

9:15 - I go to the print shop, discovering that it hadn't been too good an idea to leave my article for the last minute. I'm also informed that I should have my yearbook article ready. (I had written it before and had it handed back to me rejected - delightful, huh?) Lastly, I'm told firmly but sweetly that the short story I had written would be better disposed if it were filed away - far away.

First lunch - I have spent a grueling, tortuous miserable, hectic, unfulfilled morning pounding out my article on a damned typewriter. (Never did figure out how to use those "magic" margins). Well, at least I got that over with and I left for lunch.

Just as I put a foot in the dining room I'm reminded of a tennis match I was supposed to have played a half hour ago. So, down to the tennis courts. Lunch?--Oh, yes--well, minor things like eating we have to forget here on our vacation.

1:30 - That match proved interesting: I lost eight to three.

2:00 - Casually, I go to the riding schedule and find out that I'm supposed to be swaying in the saddle - now! So I take a healthy breakneck sprint to the stables to catch the class. Oh, I caught it and a goddam also for being late. The class went on without me.

3:00 - I meander over to the stage. A pleasant thought ran through my mind that Bill Korff didn't know that my analysis for Weeder's would be printed before the plays would be presented. He didn't and a thing like that wouldn't do. The article is panned -- but it was fun -- loads. Just loads.

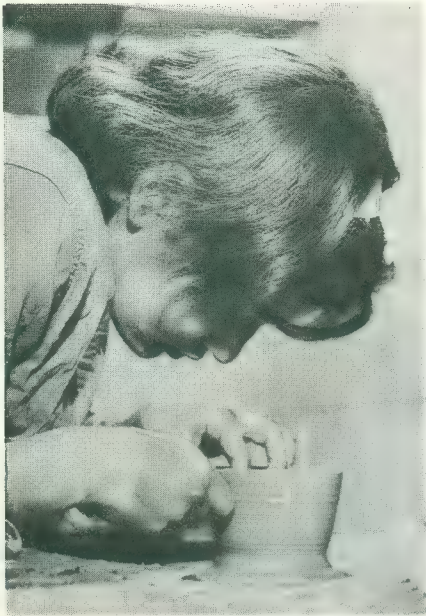
3:15 - I hesitantly slink over to the print shop to tell them that the article can't go through. They hesitate also -- to see whether I should commit honorable suicide or if they should do the carving themselves. (They left a big hole in the magazine for my article -- no article -- big hole.

4 PM - Well, it all ends twelve hours later and I feel as if I'm twelve years older. Oh, there's one more thing of importance -- c'est la vie!

*Richard Marshall*

Each shop was a diving board whose spring sent  
the diver into a lake of pleasure.

Lisa Rosenberg '58





Barbsie Fisher

## THE TOADY DOWNS : An Epic Poem of Rare Excitement

A pleasant evening in July --  
Breathless, assembled campers wait,  
Whispering the magic names --  
Dostoevsky , Copper Carbonate,  
Eliot Ness of the Catskills, too  
(Who can tell by names if toads can hop?)  
Speedy Gonzales, Wrigley Skrink,  
And Phyliss Kotler of the Silkscreen Shop.

The tennis court is crowded now.  
It's time for the frog race to begin!  
There stands Carol Jochnowitz,  
Lordly in her Judge's pin !  
She bids them bring to the racing rink  
The large glass jar with the frogs within.  
Then gravely announces the rules of the game.  
A murmur goes 'round, "May the best frog win."

Breathless, the spectators watch the frogs  
As they near the line--and when all is done  
It is announced with all due pomp  
That Laura Ewen's Freddy has won.  
Freddy, with a dignity rare in frogs  
Accepts his fortune with good grace  
And everyone is glad to see  
The joy spread o'er sweet Laura's face.

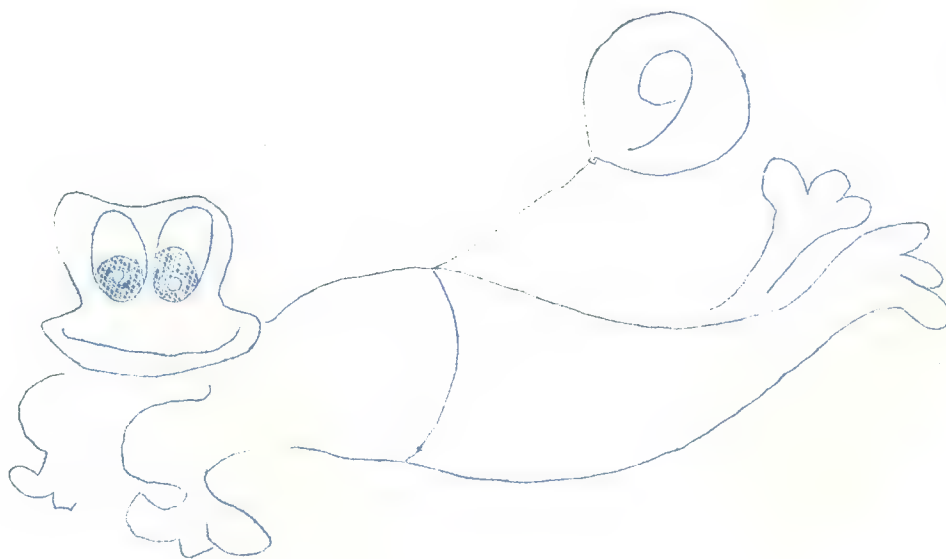
Here come the toads! Oh, noble beasts!  
So small, and yet so very fine.  
Twenty-seven is quite a lot:  
They must race nine and nine and nine.  
First Abbot from the Photo Shop  
Jumps over the intervening slats.  
Then Harry Joelson's Ranger wins,  
Then Toetip, owned by Matthew Katz.

Lenny seizes the microphone  
Set to announce the final round.  
The little winners hop about

Then Abbot wins with one swift bound!  
The other toads just wait awhile  
Each musing "Is to win polite?"  
Then Toetip claims the second prize  
So we won't have to wait all night.

All gather 'round the winners three  
Who have won without taunts or goads  
And all agree that ne'er before  
Have been assembled such great toads.  
With his own hands, Ernst gives their patrons  
The prizes that have been prepared  
And far away in the Buck's Rock woods  
Hop twenty-seven toads who dared.

*Madeline Gabrielson*



My first thought was that some kind of miracle was happening, and I am not one to believe in miracles. But there it was and it looked exactly like fire. It was positively so breathtaking that I couldn't move. I felt as though I had no control over myself - all I could do was stand there and stare in an amazed fashion.

Bright pink and orange-blue streaks were appearing lower down where the gray-black, like smoke, was struggling to hide the brighter colors and fire itself. Then with a sudden burst the trees were aflame with their own brilliant yellow and gold color.

It was a sight to see and remember- the kind that imprints itself on your mind as a wonder of nature. I wondered why I had never seen such a sight before - why should it happen on this one night? Maybe it was the country and the world I was living in - the Buck's Rock World. But most of all it was my world of happiness and beauty which I longed to share with everyone else as I longed to share this most memorable sunset.

*Selma Meyerowitz*



Suddenly, the bird was dead. It seemed to happen so quickly: one moment a black arrow was alive, flying through the air to its nesty abode, - only to land on the floor of the dance studio with a thud and a broken neck.

I ran down the length of the studio and gently picked up the bird. It was warm, seemingly still alive. Its down was fine and exquisitely soft to the touch of my exploring fingers. I carried it back to my bunk and put it in my tissue box - covered the bird with tissues and buried it. As I buried it I began thinking about the circumstances that surrounded its death.

It was Wednesday and after snack. The drama workshop was in session. Ricky and Vicki were to do a scene from Antigone. The entire drama of the bird's death occurred while the two girls were acting. I became very impatient - why should the rescue of this bird wait for human beings to finish their play acting. And then I became aware that this incident depicted something that goes on throughout all the ages of life on earth. Life goes on even with the death of a cherished or important being. In one way this seemed beautiful for it meant that those who still exist may go on living.

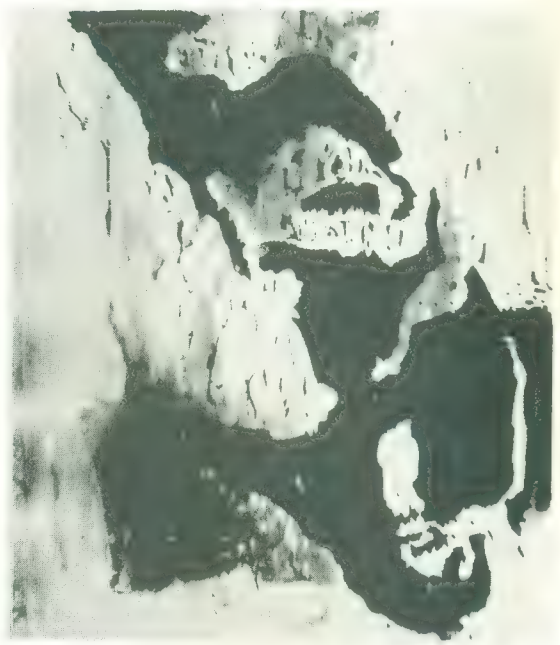
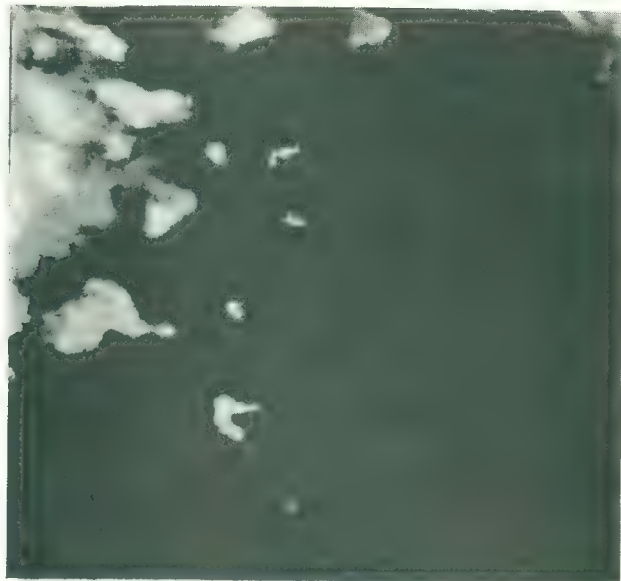
Yet in another way it was morbid. For one could look upon this incident as saying: what, then, is the meaning of our existence if we are forgotten and life goes on without faltering?

*India Churpin*



Buck's Rock is still Buck's Rock, you say, and the spirit is still there...altered, perhaps, because of the new faces and personalities, but still a living factor that makes this place different from others. You can never enumerate all that you have derived from here, the maturity and independence that this place has brought you. You realize its faults, for you are more mature than you were, and you take them into account. But you cannot forget what it has done for you...

Richard Levy '54



My fingers weren't getting any cleaner. Some oil paint had lovingly lodged itself into the pores of my skin, and an attempt to remove it with an ingenious conglomeration of Quickie and turpentine was proving futile. In addition, one fly, no, two big fat flies were buzzing round my head and tickling my feet. I think I uttered some unprintable oath and aimed for a fly, succeeding, of course, in hitting my leg. The blow, however, must have been quite powerful, for at this point, a bottle of hand lotion went crashing to the floor, and I decided then and there that I was not going to the activity scheduled for that evening. It was 7:30, and not caring to sit in the ever-looney atmosphere of my bunk, I managed to locate another forlorn soul. Together we set out--past the oak--down the road, hoping that a walk would act as a tonic for our disgruntled nerves.

So we wandered down the road, slowly, pensively, sucking in great breaths of air, appreciating the luxury of our solitude. Hidden peevishness, nagging fears, a world poured forth and we reached the farmhouse. Two figures were standing by the roadside. We recognized them to be the African students who work in the Buck's Rock kitchen. At once we were interested in talking to them. The opportunity to speak to people of Nigeria doesn't present itself often, you know. Besides, I happen to be corresponding with a boy from Nigeria. (I had just received a letter from him in which he asked for my opinion about various aspects of Nigerian life.) This made me doubly interested in making their acquaintance. Exciting, I think, to have the written word transformed into comprehensive reality.

I guess we were lucky. The two men were also interested in talking. I explained to one about my pen pal. Yes, he would write to him for me and give his opinions about the attitude of Americans towards Nigeria. No, he would not generalize; be-

cause there is no one opinion in any country, particularly the United States.

Now I took courage in hand. I asked his name. He was, I think, a little taken aback, but just for a moment, because then he smiled, answered and asked mine. Then all at once something completely wonderful happened. We began to talk, and it was--well, we spoke of so many things: religion, prejudice, nationalism, education, travel, government and human nature. I guess I must have been quite naive in some of my attitudes. I know I felt almost embarrassed when I discovered that he had traveled down South and knew more about that part of my country than I did.

The softness of the evening was shattered by the gong. Gong, gong perennial gong. I looked toward the right and saw that my girlfriend was also deeply absorbed in a conversation with his friend. She smiled. We lingered for a few moments, but already visions of pumpkins and white mice were dancing before our eyes.

So we left, as slowly as we had come, - but in silence. Soon we heard people talking and laughing, and suddenly we started to run and skip and sing and we were grand and free and giddy, and wouldn't they be angry at us because we were late, and who cared? Breath spent, we collapsed on the steps of our bunks and looked skyward. The air had a certain stillness to it. Smokey blown clouds seemed to evaporate and sink into a night which was their own. The trees were quiet. Another chance, another world, another day. The last rays of light faded into the emptiness of dusk.

*Naomi Walfish*

Within a few seconds of his arrival, everybody knew that Gary Davis had returned. A group raced down the path to the Kornfeld bunk where Barry was speaking with the bent old guitarist. Campers who had seen and heard the blind streetsinger before almost fought for the privilege of helping him up the hill. Later, Reverend Davis performed on the packed social hall porch. He lamented the loss of his beloved instrument, "Miss Gibsen", which had gone "the way of all guitars." After being handed a banjo, Gary proceeded to go into a display of fireworks. Davis' sage comments about "de man and de woman" were followed by a song based on the Samson and Delilah legend, which delighted Buck's Rockers. Within a matter of minutes, Gary, now playing a guitar, created a sing-along session with the willing audience. He introduced his improvised guitar march in his familiar cracked voice, punctuating it with many "Yeah's!" and "y'understands." In a rasping, driving tone, Gary plugged away at "Twelve Gates to the City" as an encore.

For a moment, the American soul lived in the person of an old, blind, Negro clergyman sitting on a stool.

*Barry Fruchter*



Jane  
Evans



Things even began wrong. We left Buck's Rock half - hour late for the first intercamp game of the season at Camp Everett as our varsity softball and volleyball teams had thought. What happened that day was strictly a "comedy of errors." The "Big Blue" truck was bursting at the seams as both varsities, two coaches, three junior counselors, one W B B C sportscaster, and an oversized box of food were all jammed into it.

We finally pulled out of camp, but our first "error" took its toll early. The "Big Blue" had engine trouble on the first hill it encountered and barely reached the next gas station. While the truck was rolling down the hill to get ready for another start, Ira jumped onto the running board, but couldn't manage to get off. In a half-hour Ronnie Danzig came with the "Big Green" truck, but then we had to face another problem. It seems the "Big Blue" is larger than the "Big Green" and we couldn't all fit on it. After a great deal of effort, we wound up having to leave behind only two junior counselors.

We hit our cook - out site, and a tumultuous lunch followed. Bernie used a half of a can of lighter fluid for one small fire that was to feed almost thirty ravenous boys; clamoring for doubles, yelling for ketchup, and grabbing everything that wasn't tied down or on the fire. We finished, again went through the tedious task of jamming into the truck, and again went on our way.

After arriving there ten minutes early by some

freak luck, we again encountered misfortune. Their players were forty minutes late, and during this time Ira kept grumbling that we should have taken more time for lunch (as if we really would have, had we had the time then). Their varsity softball team (what there was of it, we thought) emerged, and if not triumphantly, at least not hopelessly.

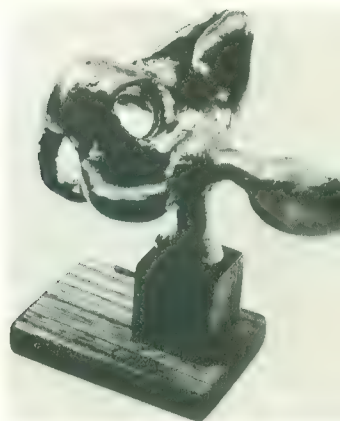
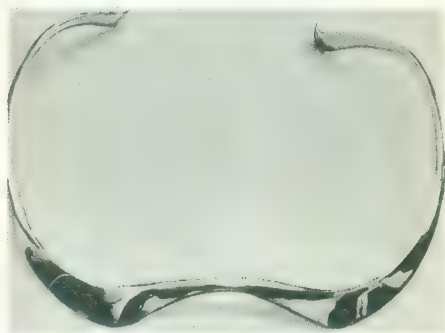
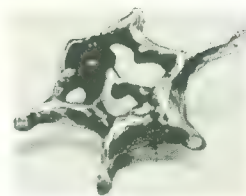
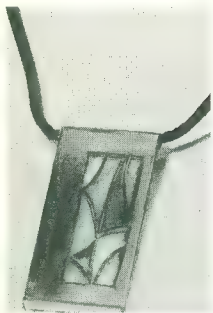
We awaited the appearance of their volleyball varsity. Yet again we were disappointed. Their volleyball team was unaware of the scheduled game, so our softball team inherited a private rooting section.

Our varsity "licked its chops" at their pint-sized varsity and Bernie instructed the team thus, "Go out there and get ten quick runs, we have to get back in time for first supper." Indeed ten runs were scored and we did get back in time for first supper (at least for the middle of it), but when the ten runs were divided at the end, we only had two; and the team at which our varsity had "licked its chops" wound up "holding the meat."

They treated us to sodas after the game and when we got back onto the truck, we had some marshmallows which Bernie had taken away from us at lunch to prevent us from overeating. (He did a poor job, otherwise). We left Camp Everett and the varsity, still in a state of shock, kept asking me how each one did, as I had kept score.

We could feel every imperfection in the highways of Connecticut as Bernie sped along at the maximum speed allowed by law. The wind seemed to be traveling at hurricane speed as everyone braced himself and for once refrained from talking. We arrived in camp just in time for those of us in the Watermelon League to eat, and then for a change of pace, play softball.

*Ric Uslander*



Dear Editors,

I really was very nervous. I know the editor, but still I know that she'll change it. Oh, of course she'll do it politely and subtly, but she'll do it. It's really sort of degrading. You write the damn article and then they go and show you how stupid you are by changing all those grammatical things and all that. I know grammar. I know that you say "his" after "everyone" and that you must have a result after using "such" or "so"... It's just that when you write... Well, you know they approach you with a smile and a slightly interrogative tone and you feel like an ass, a real ass. Well, it's their own fault: who told them to ask all these kids, who they know can't write, to do articles? Oh, I know they're desperate, but it would be better to have ten really cool articles than fifty utterly faggy ones by overly retarded writers.

Well, anyway, Ansei Uchima won't be here in time for me to write about all his aesthetic theories, so there was no need for me to be so nervous and all that. So, instead I'm writing this as a finky replacement that will be humorous or something. Anyway, it'll be original. (Notice how I didn't use "so" grammatically correctly in previous sentences. I told you so.) O.K., enough of this foolishness. Have a nice winter.

Love,  
Ira (Stiff)

In front of the looming Concert Shed an audience was settled on the lawn, stretched out in the sun or blanketed in the shadow of the several broad, low-limbed trees which had been planted there.

The Shed seemed to be the center of attention.

While they listened they ate food, read newspapers, or lay on their backs with closed eyes.

Nor did I want to look towards the Shed: I found more congruent with the Baroque Master . . . Mozart I was hearing to look at the fluttering clustered leaves on the stately trees lining the entrance walk. I later was told that the music as I heard it was inferior because it was piped out of the Shed and not heard first-hand, but I cannot envy the sweetling audience stuffed within the Shed who supposedly benefitted from the performance more than I did.

\* \* \* \* \*

I lay out under the sun and watched the breeze wavering the trees and the clouds in the sky and then I closed my eyes and saw in my memory another, twin row of trees, and a twin sky, but under a different sun, that lit the pale, rusty villas and their fountains on the ordered pine-thick slopes in the late afternoon of a land, and an age, when the Masters made their sweet music.

*Andy Ross*

Never before have I felt so much that I belonged. Never before have I wanted to give of myself to an inanimate object. But is it inanimate? The walls seem to move. They even speak if you listen closely enough.

The barn, almost magically, no longer even has the appearance of a barn. The building at once is transformed into a temple. It is serene and calm, yet radiating and glowing. The walls seem to move towards me, but I don't care. They could crush me. I am a part of this building so that it couldn't hurt me. A hammer sounds in the distance. At once my senses become alive. The hammer doesn't beat on a head of a nail, but vibrates through me.

The slats in the wall begin to move. I close my eyes and still the slats move. It is beautiful. I want to strap myself to the walls. I never want to leave. It's warm and welcoming. It makes me feel close to the forest, as I've never been before. I feel I can tell all troubles to it, for the building is alive. Before my eyes three walls have changed from a barn to a shrine.

*Carol Stein*

I dread the feeling of leaving Buck's Rock more than I have ever dreaded anything before. I know though, that when I leave, I'll be leaving with so much more than what I came with.

Carol Levy '52

## On Buck's Rock and Myself

This place is a reflection of myself in every way. It is the mirror of my maturity. I look in it, by living in it, and find my reflection by returning a year later. All my old ideas, actions, thoughts are now overshadowed by those of this year, and I know that those of this year will seem immature in comparison with those of the next. So then, I think, why can't I just push myself ahead and see what next year's thoughts will be? Why can't I simply and voluntarily transcend my thought process towards the world to see if the more mature ones are more valuable, lethargic, more advanced, or just a return to earlier ideas in modification. Is dropping a great part of my liberalism a mature attitude? Is it realistic or pacifistic? Do we become mentally stagnant or regressive when we are older? And if we regress, then why don't stodgy old individuals return to their flaming liberal days?

As I look upon the camper younger than I am, I see myself in the past. I see my views, which have been thought a million times, my realizations, which have been realized innumerable times, my whole personal progression from syndrome to syndrome -- each time thinking that I was realizing something new and original.

The dimension of thought cannot be measured, and yet it progresses. As we progress, do we have more thought? If so, I suppose that we must pour in the immature thoughts, then the more mature and so on, until our measuring cups of thought are filled. Most of us never fill them. It is too bad that we must pour in the bottom layers first, and can't simply realize what is immature, dismiss it, and not get carried away with it. I know that what I think now is ridiculous compared with future realizations, but I don't know what they will be. It's very frustrating, yet fulfilling, to laugh at yourself.

*Ira Siff*

The land-bound workers toiled as their cruel masters relentlessly cracked their serpent-tongued whips. The blazing July sun shone without mercy on the naked backs of the oppressed masses. A distant tolling could be heard, and the workers paused for a delicious moment, their eyes searching the origin of the strange noise.

A loud cry arose from the struggling peasants, and, as if by some pre-arranged signal, they ran towards the ever-increasing din. A short, bearded, olive-clothed man, arms outstretched, called the excited commons to a halt. "You are oppressed! You have been slaving in the animal institution, experimental laboratories, sweat shops and kitchens for twenty years. The 'score of scorn' is over! Done! Vive le revolution!"

The population greeted the announcement of truth with a tumultuous ovation. Cries of "Vive! Vive!" resounded and invaded the now-deserted valleys and fields.

The time of plenty had arrived! Snack rations for all! The new administration promised cultural centers, schools, and play facilities for the liberated. Housing developments were also proposed, including large modern rooms and a public meeting house.

As darkness slipped through the gates of the sleep-communes; the heroes of the day reviewed the last few hours' events as they hungrily consumed their C.I.T. snack. The revolution had succeeded!

*Ellen Eisenstadt*

Of all man's great artistic endeavors (pizza baking, ping-pong playing, etc.), perhaps none ranks higher than the Frisbee. Frisbee came to the Western world from the Chinese, as usual; this and other Chinese inventions have added immeasurably to the civilizations of the world. After all, what society would be complete without Chinese noodles, kites, or fortune cookies? It was, therefore, the wisdom of the ancient Chinese which spawned the mystifying Frisbee, with its countless athletic and philosophical possibilities.

The inventor-developer of the frisbee (he was a little of each, so as to promote principles of fair play, share and share alike, etc.) was an alcoholic baker named Sau Rau Lee. One day, in a fit of delirium, he found himself hurling pie plates at his quick-tempered, irate owner-emperor. Immediately, Sau saw the possibilities of the plates and determined to explore the subject. Before he could explore the afore-mentioned possibilities, however, he was deftly removed from the scene by his quick-tempered, irate owner-emperor.

Frisbee was virtually nonexistent for the next several hundred years or so, until it was brought on the scene by the emperor for whom it was named (Frisbee almost means pie-plates; hence, His

Royal Majesty, the Emperor Pie plates.) The king, a devout student of Zen, was aided greatly by the Frisbee (he was the only one who was: anyone else who had a Frisbee was beheaded.) The king, being a broadminded, liberal, fine, upstanding fellow (with a name like Frisbee, how could he fail?), immediately lifted the Frisbee ban, and Frisbee once again reigned victorious.

The art spread to our shores one day, when a misguided sumo wrestler, in a fit of primitive interest in a Frisbee, accidentally throw one across the ocean to San Fernando, where the Frisbee plant was established.

So much for basics.....

What does Frisbee mean to me? How can I best explain myself? To me, the art embodies the best of Eastern and Western civilization, of physical and mental exertion, of baseball and kite flying. What other earthly thing encompasses so great a scope? Who among us has not sighed before the rapturous beauty of a Frisbee in full flight, soaring through the heavens? Who hasn't? I know I haven't.

Now we approach perhaps the most interesting facet of the Frisbee: its intellectual possibilities. There are those who have developed whole philosophies of life revolving around the seemingly simple Frisbee (or, as it is quaintly called, the Pluto platter.) One particular group, of which I am a member in a good stead, supports the theory of the Inverted Frisbee of Life. As any member of this sect can tell you, life is nothing more than a huge inverted Frisbee, which spins eternally through the ebbless void of time. The edges of this particular Frisbee are razorsharp, with Mankind situated in the center. As the disc spins, centrifugal force hurls man onto the edges, where we are hacked to unrecognizable shreds; hence, the condition of the world today.

Alas, Frisbees, I must sadden your hearts.

Commercialism has come to Frisbee. A new plant has been established in New Jersey, and poor imitation platters are now being perpetuated into the midst of East Coast Frisbee devotees.

These disks, called Mars Platters (a takeoff on The original Pluto Platters) have sharp edges and the plastic is very vulnerable. Even I (and you will go far to find another as well acquainted with Frisbees as I) was duped by the insidious manufacturers of these copies. It was torn into pieces after merely two days of play.

But all is not lost. Perhaps this planned obsolescence of Frisbees is a good sign. Perhaps it is indicative of the widening acceptance of a once little-known art form. Colleges have helped to give Frisbee the popularity it deserves. Some camps, it is rumored, have gone so far as to establish Frisbee Varsities and classes, no doubt under the auspices of some upstanding and courageous souls. Therefore, friends, do not give up hope. And remember: Frisbee-ers of the World, Unite!

*Alfred Gingold*

During the second week of the summer it rained for four days straight. Mostly, I stayed in my bunk those four days, except when I had duty in the shop, or for meals. I stayed inside listening to the rain on the roof, enjoying the feeling of being warm and safe, and of having time of my own.

During those days I read, I thought, I slept. I read two novels, one a mystery. Towards the end of the third day I grew restless.

On the fourth day somebody in the next bunk played "Bolero." Its rhythm takes hold of you; it becomes part of you 'till your whole body feels the beat of the piece. Then it is over.

And on the fourth day the rain stopped.

*Jon White*



As I walked companionably down to the stage with my friends, I suddenly felt the theatrical excitement enveloping me seductively and compelling me with an impish kind of magnetism to walk on a little faster. I thought of the plays I had seen this year--how I would love to work on a production here! Scops! We went flying, slipping over the rocks that are scattered in front of the stage, and then there was this wire that you couldn't see, right on the path leading to the rehearsal stage. I thought about the excitement that the theatre has always invoked in me. I love to watch an actor in a play -- the feelings he has and shows -- the projection of voice, actions and personality, all for one purpose -- to get across some point, some message to the audience (perhaps the playwright wishes to get his message to the whole world.) He is poised, his actions are not inhibited and he is radiating to his audience and making contact inside each watching, listening being.

Sometimes I wish I could act, because I know that after you "let yourself go" in one part, you feel wonderfully free; you have escaped momentarily from the chains that make you your own prisoner.

*Julia Sternschein*



So I'm back at fencing again. Another ligament-tearing, bone-cracking session of fencing... Well, here comes Saltzman... Might as well assume the en-garde for the 'old' master.

"Meat head, first position comes first. Makes sense, doesn't it?"

"Sorry, won't happen again."

Oh, to halifax with that shmaltzy first position and salute. You'd think I was one of the three musketeers. Anyway...

"Hey, watch it!"



One day Marty Propper called me into his room. "Dan, how would you like to teach me how to play the guitar and I'll give you some extra tennis lesson?"

We got our guitar, and he proceeded to show me the extent of his knowledge, which proved to be limited to but a few keys. I decided to teach him the the same thing that Barry was teaching us.

We started with the key of A. I taught him a simple strum and the song "Hard Ain't It Hard" and left him with the warning that he'd better practice. I promised to return in a few days.

I came back as scheduled, but he hadn't practiced. Two more days passed and this time when I returned he had the strum and the chords down pat. But he had forgotten both the words to the song and the tune. Once he finally learned the words, the tune eluded him. I tried to tell him that he had to practice diligently if he hoped to play well or sing on key. I promised to give him another lesson in a week.

When the time came again he said that the song had given him some trouble and confessed that he wasn't practicing enough. (At this point he was tempted to throw away the damn guitar.) He got used to practicing regularly, however, and now he plays rather well. But when he tries to sing...

*Don Quat*

The hardtops have an ambiguously definite destination. They are the pompously groping fingers of a closed blindness; the ways of men who won't climb up when they can dig through with their carefully numbered, stale-red-pencil straight lines (nature has never produced a straight line).

The dirtroads, the backroads and inroads are better suited to the dimensions of the morning. The morning peels back the planes and angular interrelationships are unbound; picked out of the boxes. Dimension is presence now, not a substance. All substance becomes a suggestion of blue edges.

The sun is subtle and soon it will sift the edges to recruit its brassy candelabras and then I will notice the bones.

It was a fox and I think it must have died empty last winter. There was still a collapsed eye... angry in the morning.

*Lincoln Kaye*

Oak...the king of woods. The wood that symbolizes all of Buck's Rock. Branches that reach as fingers reach toward a goal that constantly slips away into the blue-guaze sky of day, toward the shining pin-points of living fire that are the stars at night.

The oak tree stands eternally, though campers may come and go.

Joel Handler '53



Buck's Rock has an almost completely relaxed environment, yet there still remains some irremovable tension within us which pervades and somewhat lessens the naturalness of our surroundings.

There is little pressure from others to do anything, and it is only our desire for accomplishment and our enjoyment while working which prompt us to create. But without this drive, however little it be, nothing would be accomplished. It is not this which is destructive, but this personal drive is what makes this society here at camp possible.

Buck's Rock's major shortcoming and disappointment to me is its impermanence. We can never really accept camp ideology, for, even after we become accustomed to the ideals, we still remember that this is only a summer's experience. The tension of our future remains: we must return to what we come from. This compulsion to return would not be as destructive as it is, if we weren't as conscious as we are, if we didn't say to ourselves as often as we do; "This is almost utopia, but it will end." Our recognition of it as temporary lessens many of its possible achievements under more permanent conditions. We can never really enjoy all the beauty if we realize that almost everything here is temporary.

Although we enjoy ourselves while here, we do realize - and it is unfortunate that we do - that the time we spend here is not our real life, but rather, a diversion, perhaps even an escape, from it. And if this escape does in some way change us, making us freer, it will only be harder for us to revert to our more restrained, if less natural, selves in a more restricted society.

It is not the camp which is to be blamed for our having to revert to a more rigid environment, yet

it has tried to cope with it, and has failed. This failure, however, at an impossible, or nearly impossible, task has been more valuable than the apathy of other summer institutions. Although we remain far from utopia, we approach it here more so than other places do.

Buck's Rock is like an eggshell into which we are crawling, and are afraid to climb into because we must come out again. If instead, however, we could conceive of this camp as a personal growing process whose growth would never need to be stifled, then we would be able to grow and be desirous of more experience, certain that almost any desires we might develop we would be able to satiate.

This is the problem that can't be solved: Buck's Rock is composed of campers who are part of a society alien to Buck's Rock, and it is only by making the two societies more compatible (preferably, by changing the society outside Buck's Rock) that Buck's Rockers can participate in activities with a freer, less limited feeling.

*Mark Katz*



# **DIRECTORY**

# boys

Noel Adler	34 Jasmine Lane Valley Stream N.Y.	PY1 7846	
Howard Askenase	229 Somerset Dr. Hewlett, N.Y.	FR4 2223	4/5
Tom Avery	24 Grandview Blvd. Yonkers, N.Y.	SP9 3890	
Alan H. Barysh	R. F. D. #3 Chestnutland Rd. New Milford, Connecticut		
Glenn Bussuk	Buston School Williamstown, Mass.	EL4 5420	12/27
David Bearg	143 Beach 125th St. Belle Harbor 94, N.Y.	NE4 6552	
Bruce Blatt	145-35 13th Ave. Whitestone 57, N.Y.	LE9 0594	
Zachary Bloomgarden	1515 East 8th St. Brooklyn 30, N.Y.	ES5 6594	
Raymond Blumenfeld	114 Sutton Manor New Rochelle, N.Y.	BE5 0044	3/30
Eric Blumenson	80 Esplanade Mt. Vernon, N.Y.	MO8 4579	
Robert Blumenson	350 First Avenue New York 10, N.Y.	AL4 6064	
Peter Bocour	350 First Avenue New York 10, N.Y.	AL4 6064	
Fred Brandfon	173 Riverside Dr. New York 24, N.Y.	TR7 7850	
Robert Bressler	84-03 168th Place Jamaica, N.Y.	RE9 0036	3/12
John Bulova	200 Parker Road Elizabeth, N.J.	EL5 3513	8/28
Cliff Burke	50 Elm St. Glens Falls, N.Y.	RX2 3023	5/12
	1280 Pine Road N. Miami, Fla.	757 5454	7/7
Jeff Chester	33 Hintington Dr. Yonkers, N.Y.	DE7 0216	5/11
Charles Cummings	213 Clent Road Great Neck, N.Y.	HU7 6095	
Bruce Dancis	2140 E. Tremont Ave. New York 62, N.Y.	TA2 0286	5/14
Paul Drexler	1186 East 10th St. Brooklyn 30, N.Y.	CL3 7929	
David Ewen	326 Broadway Massapqua Park, N.Y.	LI1 2507	3/9
David Fine.	1284 Fayette St. W..Englewood, N.J.	TE6 1896	6/10
Jeff Fishman	10 Plymouth Place White Plains, N.Y.	WH6 0817	
Martin Fortgang	41-08 42nd St. Long Island City4, N.Y.	ST4 6696	
Richard Fried	3972 47th St. Long Island City 4, N.Y.	ST6 9332	12/20
Lewis Frish	196 Beach 142nd St. Neponsit 94, N.Y.	NE4 7171	4/16
Barry Fruchter	2401 Davidson Ave. New York 68, N.Y.	LU4 9588	3/7

Peter Gadiel	67-25 Ingram St. Forest Hills 75, N.Y.	LI4 7545	
David Gasman	70 Murray Ave. Port Washington N.Y.	PO7 1929	
Paul Gellers	65-09 99th St. Forest Hills N.Y.	TW7 8151	
Paul Genin	52 Tulip Lane New Rochelle N.Y.	BE5 2117	
Jim Gerstenzang	45 Parker Ave. Maplewood N.J.	SO2 4226	10/8
Alfred Gingold	110 East End Ave. New York 28, N.Y.	LE5 5148	
Douglas Gladstone	5 Brookview Terrace Hillsdale N.J.	NO4 4335	6/16
Joseph Gladstone	131-32 Francais Lewis Blvd. Laurelton N.Y.	LA8 7132	
Kenneth Goldstrom	138 Berrian Road New Rochelle N.Y.	NE2 4956	5/17
Marc Goldzweig	302 Linden Place West Hempstead N.Y.	IV6 6877	
Sidney Goodman	270 Waverly Ave. East Rockaway N.Y.	FR4 2013	
Jonathan Gould	21 Marshall Court Great Neck N.Y.	HU7 2857	
Andy Gow	1673 East 28th St. Bklyn. 29, N.Y.	CL2 4108	11/6
Benjamin Grabe	Channel Road South Norwalk Conn.	TE8 3383	
Jody Greenberg	8216 Marion Road Elkins Park 17, Penna.	ME5 2129	

Mitchell Halper	53 Coleridge St. Brooklyn, N.Y.	NI8 8179
Marc Heller	River Road Scarborough, N.Y.	WI1 5161

Seth Ingram	16 North Broadway White Plains, N.Y.	WH9 5742	5/15
David Itkin	15 Springdale Road Scarsdale, N.Y.	GR2 4614	

Harry Joelson	159 Derrom Ave. Patterson 4, N.Y.	LA5 1132	4/21
Peter Joseph	261 Prince Ave Freeport, N.Y.	FR8 6010	

Larry Kanter	46 Sun Valley Way Morris Plains, N.J.	JE9 2945	
Alexander Katz	Madison St. Woodmere, N.Y.	FR4 1005	
David Katz	Madison St. Woodmere, N.Y.	FR4 1005	
Mark Katz	300 E. Palisade Ave. Englewood, N.J.	LO9 5355	
Lincoln Kaye	82-25 209th St. Queens Village 21, N.Y.	HO8 1648	
Michael Kempster	1148 5th Ave. New York 28, N.Y.	SA2 2129	
Ira Klemons	200 Corbin Place Brooklyn 35, N.Y.	TW1 0940	8/6
Billy Kolker	49 Harvest Drive Scarsdale N.Y.	SC5 2004	
Randall Krakaure	27 Simpson Place Yonkers N.Y.	SP9 2012	
Mitchell Kurash	5210 Broadway New York 63, N.Y.	LO2 7747	

John Laub	911 Frog Hollow Terrace Jenkintown, Pa.	TU4 3509	
Dan Lenke	41 2nd Ave. Port Washington, N.Y.	PO7 8169	3/31
Andrew Levinson	585 West End Ave. New York 24, N.Y.	SU7 1430	

Daniel Marcus	12 Linden Blvd. Great Neck N.Y.	HU2 0961	
Richard Marshall	10 Cambridge Road Great Neck, N.Y.	HU7 9242	
George Martin	189-54 43rd Road Flushing 58, N.Y.	FL8 5465	
Larry Martin	189-54 43rd Road Flushing 58, N.Y.	FL8 5465	
Jonathan Metric	17 Falmouth St. Bklyn, N.Y.	NI8 1962	
Louis Metzger	449 Hoffman Ave. New Milford, N.J.	CO1 0710	1/28
Joseph Meyer	80 Griffen Ave. Scarsdale, N.Y.	SC5 0879	
Eugene Miller	3970 Hillman Ave. New York 63, N.Y.	KI8 4611	11/22
Edward Moss	108-28 68th Drive Forest Hills 75, N.Y.	LI4 0205	

Philip Naigles	48 Seneca Ave. Yonkers, N.Y.	SP9 4815	
Henry Nass	Stratford Road Harrison, N.Y.	WO7 1354	5/21
Kenneth Newman	28 Stewart Ave. Nutley, N.J.	NO7 2756	
Lloyd Newman	234 Clent Road Great Neck, N.Y.	HU2 0790	12/15
Scott Newrock	8 Charles Lane Port Chester, N.Y.	WE7 5583	11/14
David Nisinson	9960 63rd Road, Rego Park 74, N.Y.	TW6 5858	
Larry Novikoff	51 White Oak Street New Rochelle, N.Y.	NE2 1612	

Zev Ornitz	270 Riverside Drive New York 25, N.Y.	UN5 6983	
Peter Orville	29 Ghadon Lane Great Neck, N.Y.	HU7 7280	1/26
Donald Osman	1730 East 7th St. Brooklyn, N.Y.	DE9 6368	

Eugene Packer	76 Kingsley Drive Yonkers, N.Y.	SP9 4487	6/5
Andrew Polon	305 West 86th St. New York 24, N.Y.	SU7 6888	2/18
Daniel Prince	7702 Park Ave. North Bergen, N.J.	UN7 7750	

Daniel Quat	16 Elliott Road Great Neck, N.Y.	HU2 4158	
-------------	----------------------------------	----------	--

John Laub	911 Frog Hollow Terrace Jenkintown, Pa.	TU4 3509
Dan Lenke	41 2nd Ave. Port Washington, N.Y.	PO7 8169 3/31
Andrew Levinson	585 West End Ave. New York 24, N.Y.	SU7 1430

Daniel Marcus	12 Linden Blvd. Great Neck N.Y.	HU2 0961
Richard Marshall	10 Cambridge Road Great Neck, N.Y.	HU7 9242
George Martin	189-54 43rd Road Flushing 58, N.Y.	FL8 5465
Larry Martin	189-54 43rd Road Flushing 58, N.Y.	FL8 5465
Jonathan Metric	17 Falmouth St. Bklyn, N.Y.	NI8 1962
Louis Metzger	449 Hoffman Ave. New Milford, N.J.	CO1 0710 1/28
Joseph Meyer	80 Griffen Ave. Scarsdale, N.Y.	SC5 0879
Eugene Miller	3970 Hillman Ave. New York 63, N.Y.	KI8 4611 11/22
Edward Moss	108-28 68th Drive Forest Hills 75, N.Y.	LI4 0205

Philip Naigles	48 Seneca Ave. Yonkers, N.Y.	SP9 4815
Henry Nass	Stratford Road Harrison, N.Y.	WO7 1354 5/21
Kenneth Newman	28 Stewart Ave. Nutley, N.J.	NO7 2756
Lloyd Newman	234 Clent Road Great Neck, N.Y.	HU2 0790 12/15
Scott Newrock	8 Charles Lane Port Chester, N.Y.	WE7 5583 11/14
David Nisinson	9960 63rd Road, Rego Park 74, N.Y.	TW6 5858
Larry Novikoff	51 White Oak Street New Rochelle, N.Y.	NE2 1612

Zev Ornitz	270 Riverside Drive New York 25, N.Y.	UN5 6983
Peter Orville	29 Ghadon Lane Great Neck, N.Y.	HU7 7280 1/26
Donald Osman	1730 East 7th St. Brooklyn, N.Y.	DE9 6368

Eugene Packer	76 Kingsley Drive Yonkers, N.Y.	SP9 4487 6/5
Andrew Polon	305 West 86th St. New York 24, N.Y.	SU7 6888 2/18
Daniel Prince	7702 Park Ave. North Bergen, N.J.	UN7 7750

Daniel Quat	16 Elliott Road Great Neck, N.Y.	HU2 4158
-------------	----------------------------------	----------

Bruce Roland	112-44 69th Ave. Forest Hills 75, N.Y.	LI4 7599	6/13
Thomas Rosenbaum	22 Woodbine Ave. Larchmont, N.Y.	TE4 0345	11/2
Jonathan Rosenbloom	160 Wellington Ave. New Rochelle, N.Y.	NE2 6042	
Stephen Rosenbush	3720 Bedford Ave. Brooklyn, N.Y.	DE8 4237	5/10
Bennett Ross	125 Old Mill Road Great Neck, N.Y.	HU7 9024	7/10
Robert Rothberg	69-26 171st St. Flushing 65, N.Y.	OL7 1638	

Eric Sabinson	67-82 Selfridge St. Forest Hills 75, N.Y.	LI4 6378	9/15
Richard Schiff	49 Fonda Rd. Rockville Centre, N.Y.	RO6 2619	2/7
Howard Schoenfeld	198 Myrtle Drive Great Neck, N.Y.	HU7 3709	4/21
Marc Schulkind	179-06 75th Ave. Flushing 66, N.Y.	RE9 6834	2/21
Michael Seitchick	6609 Lawnton Ave. Philadelphia 26, Pa.	NA4 3692	8/20
Dean Sheppard	40 Carriage Lane Roslyn Heights, N.Y.	LA1 6515	6/82
Daniel Shulman	3299 Cambridge Ave. New York 63, N.Y.	KI3 7187	
Greg Singer	70-34 Utopia Pkway, N.Y.	JA3 2218	
Jules Smith	80-76 Tryon Place Jamaica 32, N.Y.	AX7 6823	10/7
Daniel Sokol	1522 E. 29th St. Brooklyn 29, N.Y.	CI2 5524	3/10
Robert Solomon	51 Edgemere Drive Albertson L.I., N.Y.	MA1 8509	5/8
Robert Spitzer	235 Amherst St. Brooklyn 35, N.Y.	DE2 7672	6/21
Larry Steiner	7 Rutland Road Great Neck, N.Y.	HU7 9419	7/2
Robert Stern	2701 Avenue J Brooklyn 10, N.Y.	ES7 7650	
Wayne Stix	112 Carthage Road Scarsdale, N.Y.	SC3 6566	
Joel Striker	664 Derby Ave. Woodmere, N.Y.	FR1 2275	10/3
Richard Sulken	12 Briar Lane, Great Neck, N.Y.	HU7 6613	

Peter Tavalin	647 E. 14th St. New York 9, N.Y.	OR7 3470	
Ross Turin	755 Ocean Ave Brooklyn 26, N.Y.	IN9 0200	11/21

Eric Usianer	402 E. 29th St. Patterson, N.J.	SH2 2387	2/2
--------------	---------------------------------	----------	-----

David Watson	Kirby Lane North Rye, N.Y.	WO7 3410	
Jeff Weil	6910 108th St. Forest Hills 75, N.Y.	BO1 9077	
Fred Winter	243 Rugby Road Brooklyn 26, N.Y.	VI6 5058	7/8

Daniel Yavner	1595 Metropolitan Ave. New York 60, N.Y.	TA8 9162	
---------------	--	----------	--

# girls

Karen Bassuk	1044 East 28th St. Bklyn. 10, N.Y.	CL8 6143	8/7
Miriam Bergstein	523 East 14th St. New York 9, N.Y.	SP7 8732	
Amy Berkman	33 Bayview Ave. Great Neck N.Y.	HU7 6741	
Abby Blatt	51 West 86th St. New York N.Y.		
Janet Blaustein	7324 Ridge Blvd. Bklyn. 9, N.Y.	TE6 0529	
Geri Blitzman	224-12 Manor Road Queens Village 27, N.Y.	HO5 0206	
Helene Blitzman	360 First Ave. New York 10, N.Y.	OR3 8113	
Kathe Blyn	130-16 229th St. Laurelton 13, N.Y.	FI1 1354	
Jane Penny Borin	620 Ft. Washington Ave. New York 40, N.Y.	WA8 0365	
Ann Bramson	87-16 168th Place Jamaica 32, N.Y.	RE9 1005	6/21
Susan Breslau	196-14 51st Ave. Flushing N.Y.	BA4 4110	5/24

Lydia Churgin	203 West 94th St. New York 25, N.Y.	AC2 1545	
Enid Cohen	87-40 Francis Lewis Blvd. Hollis 23, N.Y.	HO5 7448	
Elizabeth Coleman	5051 Iselin Ave. New York 71, N.Y.	K16 0946	
Ellen Davidson	Overbrook Hospital Cedar Grove N.J.	CE9 4020	
Naomi Dembe	187 West 48th St. Bayonne N.J.	FE9 8789	
Julia Diamant	145 Altamont Ave. Tarrytown N.Y.	ME1 2585	

Ellen Eisenstadt	1706 East 33rd St. Bklyn. 34, N.Y.	DE9 3242	
Jane Evans	370 First Ave. New York 10, N.Y.	GR5 7262	
Susan Evans	370 First Ave. New York 10, N.Y.	GR5 7262	

Elizabeth Fain	400 Laurel Ave. Providence 6, R.I.	TE1 7444	
Anne Farber	775 East 19th St. Bklyn 30, N.Y.	UL9 2169	
Alice Flax	322 West Walnut St. Long Beach N.Y.	GE2 0216	
Louise Forsyth	620 East 26th St. Bklyn. 10, N.Y.	GE4 4992	
Joanne Foster	11 Ogden Road Scarsdale N.Y.	SC3 8714	

Madeline Gabrielson	2115 Ave. L Bklyn 10, N.Y.	CL8 9094	
Julie Geiger	32 Tamarack Way Pleasantville N.Y.	RO9 2691	
Stephanie Gelb	80 Paine Ave. New Rochelle N.Y.	NE2 6132	
Elizabeth Gelfand	1590 East 26th St. Bklyn. 29, N.Y.	CL3 8846	
Carol Gemson	133 Rose Lane New Hyde Park N.Y.	GE7 0867	
Jill Gertz	22 Fox Meadow Road Scarsdale N.Y.	SC3 5420	
Pam Gilfond	445 Franklin D. Roosevelt Dr. New York 2, N.Y.	OR3 1210	
Karen Gilmore	30 East 71st st. New York 21, N.Y.	RH4 4226	

Penni Gold	7 Arthur Circle Chester Penna.	TR2 7278
Carol Goldsmith	440 East 23rd St. New York 10, N.Y.	OR3 2157
Barbara Gould	21 Marshall Court Great Neck N.Y.	HU7 2857
Barbara Green	220-21 77th Ave. Bayside 64, N.Y.	HO4 8621
Helen Greer	45 Martense St. Bklyn. 26, N.Y.	BU7 5291
Ellen Grenadier	177 Norman Road New Rochelle N.Y.	NE6 3983

Bobbi Handler	440 Kensington Road West Englewood N.J.	TE7 6480
Margo Handschu	667 Rugby Road Bklyn. 30, N.Y.	GE4 2620
Rosalind Hanig	125 Brighton 11th St. Bklyn. 35, N.Y.	SH3 0622
Deborah Heller	258 Schley Place Teaneck N.J.	TE6 6417
Laura Hirschlag	12-52 Tanis Place Fair Lawn N.J.	SW6 0260
Mary Hutchinson	334 Sprain Road Scarsdale N.Y.	GR8 1945

Donna Isaacson	67-36B 186th Lane Flushing 65, N.Y.	AX7 2955	3/2
Lynn Isaacson	67-36B 186th Lane Flushing 65, N.Y.	AX7 2955	11/8

Ronnie Janklow	162 Westwood Circle Roslyn Heights N.Y.	MA1 6528
Jane Joseph	261 Prince Ave. Freeport N.Y.	FR8 6010

Amy Kahn	20 Vanderbilt Road Scarsdale N.Y.	SC5 1141
Laura Katz	490 East 17th St. Bklyn. N.Y.	IN2 8607
Barbara Kempster	1148 Fifth Ave. New York 28, N.Y.	SA2 2129
Cookie Kirk	99-52 66th Road Forest Hills 74, N.Y.	TW6 2732

Ronnie La Vine	1307 Fayette St. West Englewood N.J.	TE6 2960	
Carol Leeds	2 Coach Lane Westport Connecticut	CA7 8168	
Bonnie Lefcourt	63-60 Elwell Crescent Rego Park 74, N.Y.	TW7 1016	
Constance Lehmann	336 Winthrop Road Teaneck N.J.	TE7 3603	
Wendy LeShan	5153 Post Road New York 71, N.Y.	KI3 9826	
Cathy Lesser	45 East 82nd st. New York 28, N.Y.	RH4 1219	7/12
Margy Ley	618 West Englewood Ave. W. Englewood N.J.	TE6 0997	
Linda Littman	33-03 Bell Blvd. Bayside 61, N.Y.	BA9 9193	
Jane Ellen Louis	17 Harcourt Road Scarsdale N.Y.	SC3 5086	
Nancy Louis	17 Harcourt Road Scarsdale N.Y.	SC3 5086	

Laura Selub	226-23 76th Road Bayside 64, N.Y.	SP6 7056
Susan Selvern	516 New Hyde Park Road New Hyde Park, N.Y.	PR5 0434
Barbara Serlin	5 Lakeview Dr. Great Neck N.Y.	HU2 5073
Ricki Serlin	5 Lakeview Dr. Great Neck N.Y.	HU2 5073
Leni Serlin	5 Lakeview Dr. Great Neck N.Y.	HU2 5073
Michele Silverstein	4255 N. Meridian Ave. Miami Beach 40, Fla.	JE8 8967
Ellen Sloan	86-71 Pinto St. Holliswood 23, Queens	HO5 3682
Tobie Sperry	5 Governors Court Great Neck N.Y.	HU7 7743
Lindsay Stamm	7 Fieldstone Road Rye, N.Y.	WO7 4991
Carol Stein	2780 Bedford Ave. Bklyn. 10, N.Y.	GE4 2076
Laura Steinberg	519 Fairview Road Narberth Penna.	MO4 9507
Julia Sternschein	135 Central Park West New York 23, N.Y.	EN2 8214

Holly Tannen	2 Peter Cooper Road New York 10, N.Y.	OR3 0939
Susan Tiffenberg	58 Midwood Cross East Hills Roslyn N.Y.	MA1 4583
Martha Tiger	233 Exeter St. Bklyn. 35, N.Y.	DE2 3276
Peggy Tonkonogy	146 Central Park West New York 23, N.Y.	EN2 7142

Ginny Vogel	18 Winnor Road Scarsdale N.Y.	SC3 8060
Toby Volkman	71-35 Juno St. Forest Hills 75, N.Y.	BO3 4319

Naomi Walfish	157 Beaumont St. Bklyn. N.Y.	TW1 0078	5/1
Carole Warsawer	430 Rutland Ave. W. Englewood N.J.	TE7 2410	
Jessica Weinstein	15 North King St. Malverne N.Y.	LY9 1294	
Leta Weiss	540 East 20th St. New York 9, N.Y.	SP7 0583	
Susan Weiss	682 Ocean Ave. Bklyn. 26 N.Y.	IN2 3329	
Rebecca White	1165 Park Ave. New York 28, N.Y.	AT9 6977	
Carol Wolfenson	94-10 64th Road Rego Park 74, N.Y.	IL9 0452	
Susan Woltag	155 Langhen St. Bklyn. 35, N.Y.	DE2 9447	

Peggy Youngstein	211 Honmocks Road Larchmont N.Y.	TE4 7515
------------------	----------------------------------	----------

Anita Zack	901 Washington Ave. Bklyn. 25, N.Y.	NE8 7551
Carolyn Zane	130 Havilands Lane White Plains N.Y.	WH9 9322

# c.i.t.'s

Margot Adler	333 Central Park West New York 25, N.Y.	AC2 6298	4/16
Harris Alexander	21 Coleridge St. Brooklyn 35, N.Y.	DE2 8087	12/30
Daniel Allen	130 St. Edwards St. Brooklyn 1, N.Y.	UL2 5688	
Ricki Applezweig	3 Sheridan Square New York 14, N.Y.	WA4 8992	11/1

Steve Blackman	431 E. Palisade Ave. Englewood, N.J.	LO8 7806	
Eric Brown	21-50 33rd Road Long Island City, N.Y.	YE2 3444	
Ellin Burke	12880 Pine Road North, Miami, Fla.	7575454	3/18

Todd Capp	3 Peter Cooper Road New York 10, N.Y.	CA8 1856	
-----------	---------------------------------------	----------	--

Carl Ebert	43 5th Ave. New York 3, N.Y.	AL5 0172	
------------	------------------------------	----------	--

Barbara Fisher	141 E. 88th St. New York 28, N.Y.	FI8 5271	
Barnett Friedman	5601 Riverdale Ave. New York 71, N.Y.	KI9 9021	

Fred Geldon	33 Perth Ave. New Rochelle, N.Y.	NE2 5676	7/18
Olivia Golden	2727 Palisades Ave. New York 63, N.Y.	KI8 3810	2/12
Harry Greenberger	73-43 185th St. Flushing, N.Y.	GI4 0359	
Paul Grootkerk	25 Hillside Ave. New York 40, N.Y.	WI2 5325	5/23

Andy Herz	325 Weaver St. Larchmont, N.Y.	TE4 3792	11/12
Thomas Hurwitz	43 W. 93rd St. New York 25, N.Y.	RI9 4335	2/5

Marilyn Kaggen	479 Rugby Road Brooklyn 26, N.Y.	IN9 4375	9/21
Richard Kahn	34 Saddle Lane Roslyn Heights, N.Y.	MA1 5157	
Marcia Kalmenoff	16 Arlington Road Scarsdale, N.Y.	SC3 9053	
Michael Katz	Madison St. Woodmere, N.Y.	FR4 1005	1/2
Peter Kent	29-19 212th St. Bayside N.Y.	BA9 7158	10/18
George Koenig	3661 Richard Lane Wantagh, N.Y.	PE1 9078	
Ross Koppel	900 W. 190th St. New York 40, N.Y.	WA3 1190	8/18
Jacqueline Kramer	111 Client Road Great Neck, N.Y.	HU2 3523	
Larry Kramer	1474 E. 18th St. Brooklyn 30, N.Y.	ES5 1040	8/11

Susan Leubuscher 2149 8oth St. Brooklyn 14, N.Y.  
 Martin Liebowitz 1589 Ocean Ave. Brooklyn N.Y. CL2 5070

Susan Martin 28 Shadetree Lane Roslyn Heights, N.Y. MA1 0824 9/30  
 Lois Morse 17 West Central Drive Briarcliff Manor, N.Y. WI1 7188

Edward Needle 285 Central Park West New York 24, N.Y. TR3 6563  
 Cozy Nieporent 276 First Ave. New York 9, N.Y. CA8 6008 10/14

Paul Reasenberg 277 Rugby Road Brooklyn 26, N.Y. IN9 7839 4/19  
 Fredric Roberts 1657 East 23rd St. Brooklyn 29, N.Y. CL2 2172  
 Carolyn Rosenfield 40 Hickory Drive Roslyn, N.Y. MA1 1989 5/20  
 Andrew Ross 15 West 75th St. New York 23, N.Y. SU7 9280  
 Mary Ellen Ross 125 Old Mill Road Great Neck, N.Y. HU7 9024  
 Michael Rudikoff 1316 E. 23rd St. Brooklyn 10, N.Y. CL2 5038 1/9

Leonard Saphier 641 Tyler Drive Sarasota. Fla. 388-1761  
 Lisa Serbin 37 Bank St. New York 14, N.Y. CH2 1832  
 Ira Siff 1731 East 26th St. Brooklyn 29, N.Y. ES6 2413  
 Jo Ellen Silberstein 51 Arleigh Road Great Neck, N.Y. HU7 7403 8/7  
 Richard Simon 7707 Chapel Road Elkins Park 17, Penna. ME5 0795  
 Paul Springer 370 West 255th St. New York 71, N.Y. KI9 6751  
 Daniel Stein 55 Elizabeth Road New Rochelle, N.Y. NE2 8067  
 Alan Steinberg 221-34 Manor Road Queens Village 27, N.Y. HO5 5381  
 Jerry Sundheimer 67-76 Booth St. Forest Hills 75, N.Y. TW7 8218 12/12

Victoria Traub 2 W. 67th St. New York, N.Y. TR7 6983 9/3  
 Robert Tuchmann 108-14 67th Road Forest Hills 75, N.Y. BO1 4578 7/7

Jonathan Unger 102 Stratford Road Harrison, N.Y. WO7 3991  
 Bette Uscott 15 E. 75th St. New York 21, N.Y. RH4 5851

Kathy Weingarten Munson Road Pleasantville, N.Y. RO9 2551  
 Deborah White 1165 Park Ave. New York 28, N.Y. AT9 6977 3/27  
 Jonathan White 90 Riverside Drive New York 24, N.Y. TR3 6691  
 Andrew Wile 15 Stratton Road Scarsdale, N.Y. SC3 4254 1/4

# j.c.'s

Tom Bellfort	390 West End Ave. New York, N.Y.	TR7 3253	2/13
Eddie Bramson	87-16 168th Place Jamaica, N.Y. University Halls Cornell University Ithaca, N.Y.	RE9 1005	9/30
Charlie Brody	38-48 47th St. Long Island City 4, N.Y.	RA9 8452	9/19
Arty Cohen	108-56 66th Ave. Forest Hills 75, N.Y.	IL9 9238	4/9
Laurie Freedman	70 Park Ave. Ardsley, N.Y.	OW3 4127	7/7
Laura Furman	680 West End Ave. New York, N.Y.	MO6 0084	11/19
Sy Geiger	314 Lee Ave. Yonkers, N.Y.	YO8 5108	2/22
Toni Gerber	420 West End Ave. New York 24, N.Y.	SU7 9059	10/4
Paul Hirsch	173 Riverside Drive New York, N.Y.	TR3 3657	11/14
Ronnie Roose	333 Central Park West New York, N.Y.	UN5 2413	
Ruth Meyerowitz	129 Coleridge St. Brooklyn 35, N.Y.	NI6 7516	7/12
Andy Milman	15 Farmers Road Great Neck, N.Y.	HU7 1747	4/4
Victor Rosov	6630 64th St. Brooklyn 27, N.Y.	GL6 6890	5/8
Marty Saltzman	67-64 Austin St. Forest Hills, N.Y.	IL9 6829	4/29
Al Secunda	144-55 70th Road Flushing 67, N.Y.	BO8 8857	7/25
Carl Sheingold	25 Knolls Crescent Riverdale, N.Y.	KI8 5624	
Jeff Snider	845 West End Ave. New York, N.Y.	UN6 0570	
Richie Spero	165 Pinchurst Ave. New York 33, N.Y.	LO8 4230	9/28

# counselors

Ernst & Isle Bulova	300 Central Park West New York 24, N.Y.	EN2 2702
Susan Adelman	435 East 14th St. New York 9, N.Y.	GR3 1014
Jess & Doris Adler	E. 196 Concord Drive Paramus N.J.	201 CO1 9054
Harry Allan	130 St. Edwards St. Bklyn. 1, N.Y.	UL2 5688
David & Anna Anton	1339 Boyton Ave. New York 17, N.Y.	TI2 6858
Walter Banzhaf	1368 Metropolitan Ave. New York 62, N.Y.	TA2 0969
Rita Benson	7 Monfort Drive Huntington N.Y.	MY2 6994
Henry Berg	75-04 184th St. Flushing N.Y.	GL4 1626
Betty Boulware	2563 Yale Station New Haven Conn.	
Barbara Bulova	85 Hillandale Road Westport Conn.	CA7 1024
	50 Elm St. Glens Falls N.Y.	RX2 3023
Alice Cohon	4618- 7th Ave. Bklyn. N.Y.	GE6 5350
Ronnie Danzig	553 Manor Ridge Road Pelham Manor N.Y.	914- 738-3739
Eric Delson	5530 S. Dorchester Ave. Chicago 37, Ill.	312-493-9019
Gladys C. Dunn	c/o Eliot House Harvard College Cambridge Mass.	
	16 West 77th St. New York 24, N.Y.	TR7 1026
	3100 Heath Ave. New York 62, N.Y.	KI3 1845
Hanna Epstein		
Darl Eves	700 Market St. Berwick Penna.	PL2 6242
Harold & Betty Ewen	Friend's School Wilmington Del.	
	326 Broadway Massapequa Park, N.Y.	LI1 2507
Anna M. Fanning	8814 Bay Parkway, Bklyn. 14, N.Y.	
Bernard Filner	99-35 59th Ave. Rego Park 68, N.Y.	AR1 2782
Deborah Fortson	Jewett House North Hall, Oberlin College, Oberlin Ohio	
Emily Franck	42 Long Lots Road Westport Conn.	CA7 6198
Gordon Freund	30 Bar Beach Road Port Washington N.Y.	
Robert Fried	83--85 116th St. Kew Gardens N.Y.	
	3972 47th St. L.I.C. 4, N.Y.	ST6 9332
Adele Ganis	1525 E. 26th St. Bklyn. 29 N.Y.	CI8 3240
Martin Ganzglass	2825 Webb Ave. New York 68, N.Y.	KI3 4408 4/1
Howard Glassroth	1409 West Ave. New York 62, N.Y.	Ta3 9682
Kenneth Golden	2727 Palisade Ave. New York 63, N.Y.	KI8 3810
Jay Gottlieb	303 Beverly Road Brooklyn 18, N.Y.	GE5 0198 6/22
Hedi Grootkerk	25 Hillside Ave. New York 34, N.Y.	

Alan Hack	85 Strong St. New York 68, N.Y.	KI6 3058	3/13
Evelyn Hirsch	3850 Hudson Manor Terrace New York 63, N.Y.	KI6 1729	
Peter Hoon	218 Heights Road Ridgewood, N.Y.		1/24

Edith & Sanford Jason	42 Gilbert Lane Plainview, N.Y.	WE5 8460	
Joan & Carl Jackowitz	130-57 233rd St. Laurelton, N.Y.	LA8 0498	

David and Jean Katz	67-42 Ingram St. Forest Hills 75, N.Y.		
Bill and Muriel Korff	577 Grand St. New York 2, N.Y.	OR3 4951	
Barry Kornfeld	190 Waverly Place New York 14, N.Y.	OR5 3831	

Richard Lee	50 Lincoln Ave. Amherst, Mass.	413 253 9176	
Howard Lester	40 Barker Ave. White Plains, N.Y.	914 RO1 2513	
	150 Chiptenden Ave. Yonkers N.Y.	SP9 4276	10/16
	1322 University Halls #1 Cornell University Ithaca, N.Y.		
Bernard Leif	39 Ocean Ave. Brooklyn 35, N.Y.	UI6 7710	10/2
Roger & Joan Lintault	9 Brown Road Great Neck, N.Y.	HU2 8996	

Gerald & Minna Maze	245 Wiley St. Brentwood, L.I.	JU1 2922	
Susan Metric	17 Falmouth St. Brooklyn 35, N.Y.	MI8 1962	6/3

Martin Propper	67-71 Groton St. Forest Hills 75, N.Y.	BO8 6504	4/2
	Medical School-823 Brooklyn Ave. Brooklyn, N.Y.	PR8 8290	

Robert Reasonberg	277 Rugby Road Brooklyn 26, N.Y.	IN9 7839	4/27
Douglas Rodefer	50 King St. New York 14, N.Y.	WA4 3418	
	Swarthmore College, Swarthmore, Penn.		
Mrs. August Rich	35 Crown St. Brooklyn 25, N.Y.	MA2 5058	

Eddie Sacks	50 Oakwood Road Huntington L.I.	HA7 1405	
Robert D. Sacks	188 6th Ave. New York 13, N.Y.	WO6 2919	
Alan Saltzman	67-64 Austin St. Forest Hills, N.Y.	IL9 6829	
Wendy Schoenbach	1807 Avenue K Brooklyn 30, N.Y.	DE8 1853	7/17
Edward Silberman	140-14 28th Rd. Flushing 54, N.Y.	FL8 2637	12/28
	1451 Yale Station New Haven, Conn.		
James Slater	200 West 54th St. New York, N.Y.	CI 6 9488	7/12
Jack and Phoebe Sonenberg	217 East 23rd St. New York 10, N.Y.	MU3 6719	
Bruce Spector	2055 Cruger Ave. New York 62, N.Y.	TY2 7902	8/29
Marvin Steingart	2141 Starleg Ave. New York 62, N.Y.	TA2 2261	5/8

Philip and Anne Tavalin 647 East 14th St. New York 9, N.Y. OR7 3470  
Lloyd & Roberta Temes 1360 Ocean Ave. Brooklyn 30, N.Y. DE8 0744

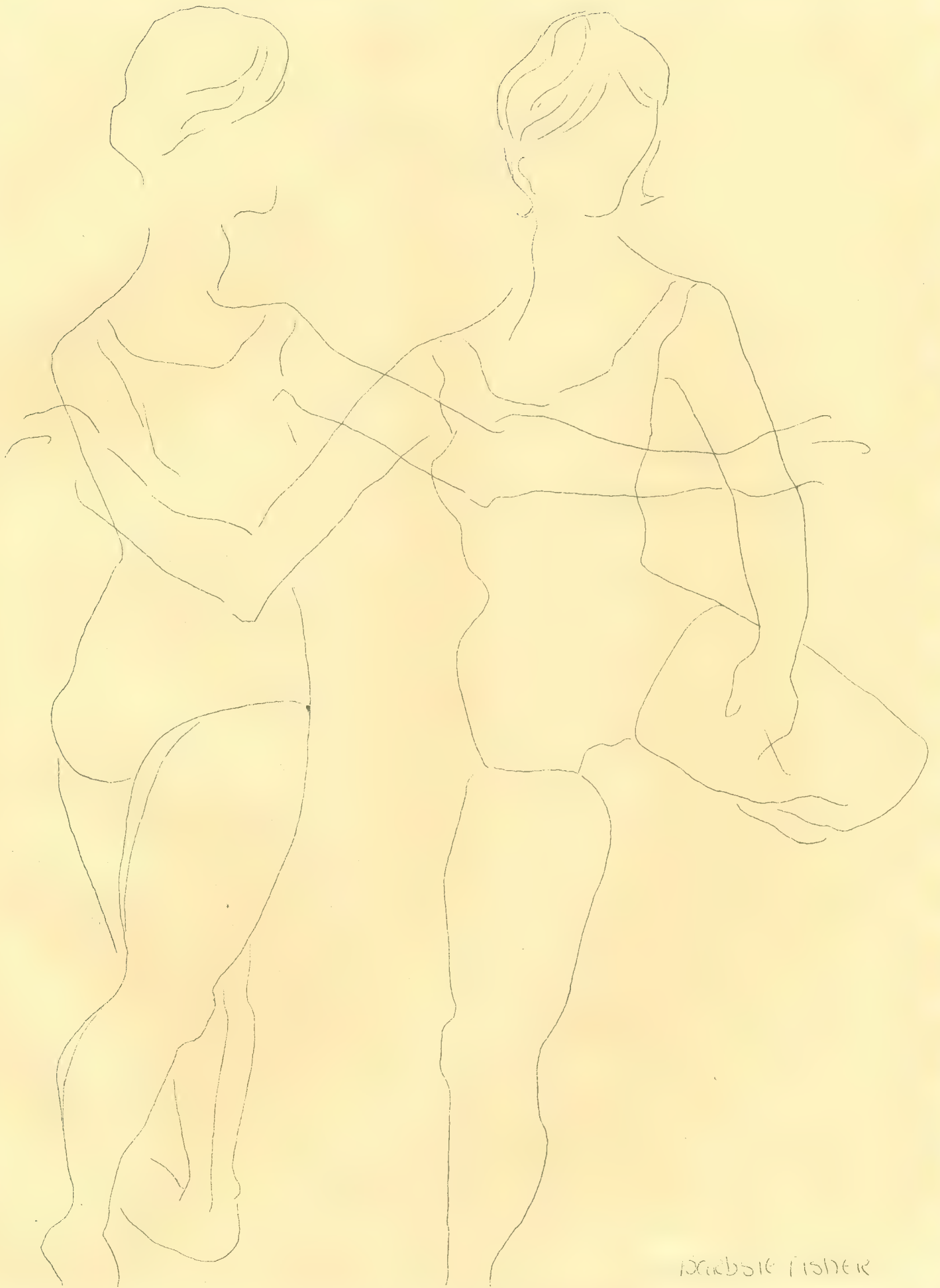
Bernard & Barbara Unger 32 Mark Lane New City, N.Y.

Ira & Phyllis Weiss 3630 Cropsey Ave. Brooklyn 14, N.Y. ES3 9612

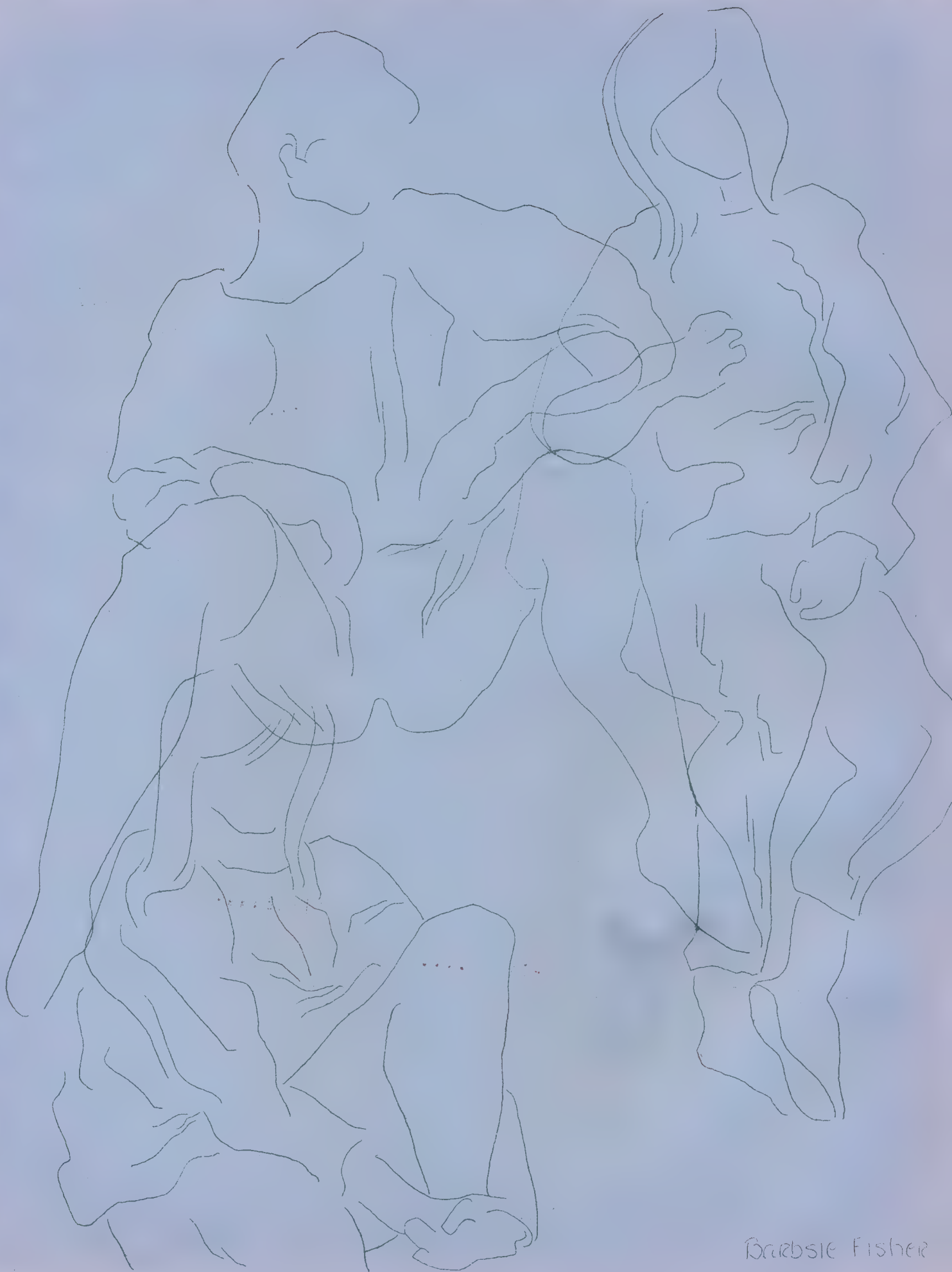
Susan Zik 1635 Union St. Brooklyn, N.Y. SL6 5954

# thanks to

Nurses	•	Augusta Rich Ann Fanning Susan Zik
Doctor	•	Dr. Noah Barysh
Chef	•	Mario (Pete) Petrucelli
Second Cook	•	John Podron
Baker	•	Cris Beyer
Kitchen Staff	•	Bernard Chiagoro Amadi James H. Hardy, Jr. Callixtus E.O. Ita Philip Maundu Nathaniel Moore Babatunde A. Obasa Powell Woodson
Dining Room Staff	•	Anne Tavalin Hedi Grootkerk Eddie Sacks
Porter	•	Ted Goff
Office	•	Doris Adler Gladys Dunn Adele Ganis
Shopper	•	Mindy Maze
Electrical	•	Alan Hack
Maintenance	•	Oscar Nelson Gordon Freund
Cleaning Women	•	Mrs. Ruth Edmondd Mrs. Evelyn Howard Mrs. Annetta McAlley Mrs. Victoria Talbot



Barbara Fisher



Barbsie Fisher

# We Remember

The Kumquat....

Mother, please, I'd rather do it myself....

Buck Rock Coloring Boo.....

Toady Downs...

Soak it....

Linus....

Poor Walter....

74th Annual Kitey Downs...

You don't even know my name...

Salute to Kee-Wah...

Gerbering it up...

Snack for 973 in the weaving shop...

Two cows in search of a pasture...

Phil Naigles' wire-tapping....

Barbsie...

Poor Walter...

A Great Comedy: St. Joan

Linus....

The Founding Fathers of Frisbee.....

The Hell-Bound Train...

Visitors.....

Dr. Propper's foul home runs....

Cowboy hats.....

The pregnant ladies.....

Richard II.....

The CIT outing.....?

Lincoln Kaye as O.D.....

An indignant John Winn...

The sixth gong for second breakfast...

Steve Jochnowitz.....

Where is Alan Hack....?

It's too thin to skate on...

AND A TEAR FOR:

Marilyn Monroe...

The weather....

Simon.....

William Faulkner.....

Wunnerful, Wunnerful

The CIT Revue?

Werk wel thy-self, that other folk canst rede.

Geoffrey Chaucer

A word is dead  
When it is said,  
Some say.

I say it just  
Begins to live  
That day.

Emily Dickinson

Polonius: What do you read, my lord?

Hamlet: Words, words, words.

William Shakespeare

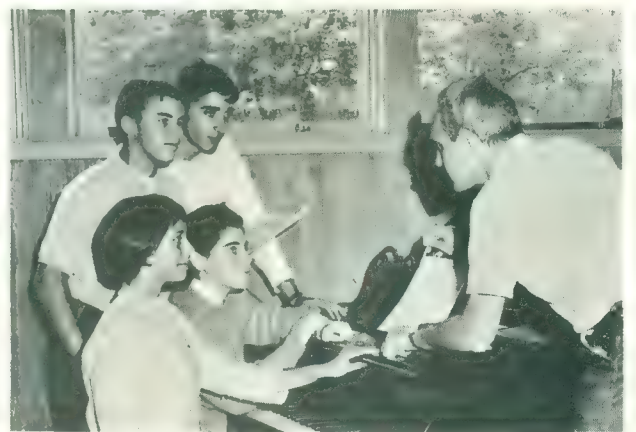
Draw your chair up close to the edge of the  
precipice and I'll tell you a story.

Begin with an individual and you get a type,  
begin with a type and you get nothing.

F. Scott Fitzgerald

To know is nothing at all ;  
To imagine is everything.

Anatole France



# **&?! credits**

---

# photographic credits

Dancers in play-	Dan Sokol	
C.C.C.	- Alexander Katz	
Vegetable farm	- Dan Sokol	
Orchestra	- Laurence Kramer	
Tennis player	- Bob Solomon	
Swimming	- Alexander Katz	clay sculpture
Picnic	- Bob Solomon	of head by Carolyn Zane
Silver Shop	- Laurence Kramer	
Tanglewood	- Bob Solomon	
Sunglasses	- Jane Tavalin	
Woodshop	- Laurence Kramer	
Violinist	- Laurence Kramer	
Art Shop	- Alexander Katz	
Girl working	- Alexander Katz	
Girl painting	- Robert Rothberg	
Electronics	- Alexander Katz	
Skeleton prep.	- Dan Sokol	
Print Shop	- Robert Rothberg	
Potter	- Laurence Kramer	
Sanding Bowl	- Laurence Kramer	
Portrait-Penny	- Richard Kahn	
Hands	- Richard Kahn	
Boy Sanding	- Laurence Kramer	
Science Lab	- Alexander Katz	
Tomatoes	- David Katz	
Typing	- Laurence Kramer	
Mosaic	- Laurence Kramer	
Photo Shop	- Robert Rothberg	
Jesse	- Paul Rothberg	
Dancers	- Richard Kahn	
Gary Davis	- Ira Klemnos	
Madrigal	- Jay Gottlieb	

Pottery and Jewelry Photos by Jody Greenberg  
Bob Solomon

All work under the supervision of the Photo Shop

CREDITS FOR PAINTING PAGE

Bette Uscott Daniel Shulman  
Marcia Kalmenoff Barbara Gould

## CREDITS FOR SILVERWORK AND CERAMICS

Kathy Weingarten . pendant . silver and enamel cloisonne

Bruce Blatt . pendant with forged chain . silver and synthetic  
blue spinel

Penny Gold . pla-silver

Susan Woltag . pendant-silver

Margaret Rosenblum . pin-silver . peridot

Dean Sheppard . silver, ivory, and ebony ring

Margaret Rosenblum . necklace-forged silver, silver and wood

Danny Marcus . nametage for french horn

Karen Bassuk . pendant-silver with pearl

Bruce Rolland . sculpture-cast lead

## CERAMIC WORKS

Sue Weiss

Lloyd Newman

Pitcher: Lori Obler

Ken Goldstrom

Helen Greer

Alice Flax

Sketch of girl by Zev Ornitz

Woodcut of Karen Gilmore by Amy Berkman

Still-life woodcut by Jonny Unger

Oak tree drawing by Marc Heller

Lithograph of boy by Eddie Needle

# sketchbook

## EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Liz Gelfand

## ART EDITORS

Marc Heller  
Zev Ornitz

## ADVISORS

C.I.T.'s

## LITERARY

Gerry Maze  
Laura Furman

Andy Ross  
Jon White

## DESIGN

Bruce Spector

## PRODUCTION

Rick Lee  
Toni Gerber  
Carl Sheingold

Robert Tuchmann  
Lois Morse

## ART

Jack and Phoebe Sonenberg  
Evelyn Hirsch  
Artie Cohen

Paul Grootker, Barbara Fisher,  
Paul Springer, Ira Siff,  
Jon Unger, Marcia Kalmenoff,  
Ellin Burke, Bette Uscott

## PHOTO

Phil Tavalin  
Jay Gottlieb

Richard Kahn  
Larry Kramer

## SILKSCREEN

Betty Boulware

Harry Greenberger, Ira Siff  
Marcia Kalmenoff Andy Wile

## SKETCHBOOK STAFF

Anne Farber  
Madeline Gabrielson  
Lynn Issacson  
Toby Rosenberg  
Helene Blitzman  
Mark Katz

## PRODUCTION MANAGERS

Tom Rosenbaum  
Peter Bocour

# staff

## PRODUCTION STAFF

Glenn Bassuk  
Fred Brandfon  
Todd Capp  
Bruce Dancis  
Julia Diamond  
Paul Drexler  
David Ewen  
Jeff Fischman  
Joanne Foster  
Karen Gilmore  
Margot Handschu  
Harry Joelson  
Cookie Kirk  
George Martin  
Larry Martin  
Joseph Meyer  
Philip Naigles

Arlene Paley  
Andy Polon  
Dan Quat  
Adam Rowen  
Bob Rothberg  
Richie Schiff  
Marc Schulkind  
Beryl Schulman  
Robert Spitzer  
Julia Sternschein  
Joel Striker  
Richard Sulken  
Jane Tavalin  
Danny Shulman  
Leslie Morse  
Caroline Zane

## SILK SCREEN PRODUCTION STAFF

Susan Breslau  
Anne Farber  
Cookie Kirk  
George Martin  
Arlene Paley

Sally Ross  
Laura Selub  
Lindsay Stamm  
Jane Tavalin  
Ginny Vogel

A special word of thanks to the following people who did a great deal of work in producing the Philosophy edition:

PRODUCTION MANAGER: Anne Farber

Helene Blitzman  
Kathe Blyn  
Madeline Gabrielson

Liz Gelfand  
Harry Joelson  
Toby Rosenberg

sketchbook 1962

cover design by Ira Siff